

THE 27

Scourge, Scourged:

Or, A Short

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE

OF THE

AUTHOR of the *Scourge*.

Lectum Lectu, legens lecturus. Acc.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. WARNER, at the Black-
Boy in Paternoster-Row, 1718.

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Library of the University of Cambridge

BY J. D. D.

Printed for J. W. A. R. N. E. at the Black-
Box, in the Strand, 1718.



T H E

Scourge Scourg'd, &c.

***** H E Author of the *Scourge*
 * **T** * is become so expert in sow-
 * * * * * ing *Sedition*, that one would
 * * * * * believe by the many Flou-
 * * * * * rishes he has made upon
Scandal, he enjoys it as a peculiar Pro-
 vince of his *Own*, by his dearly beloved
 Principle *Hereditary Right*; and that he
 might be sure to make good his Claim
 in *Foro Diaboli*, he has lately adapted
 one or two crooked Disciples into Fili-
 ation, as fit for his Design, as those two
 that club'd with *Mahomet* in making the
Alchoran, with whom, by perverse
 Wits and Representations, he might
 not only traverstee the *Scripture*, but

undermine the *Government*, and render the most serious part of *Religion* odious, as well as the Justice of *Administration* contemptible ; by which, the Reader of *St. Anth—ns* is now as infamous for *Scandal* and *Prophaneness*, as the Committee Lecturers, who formerly preach'd there, were for *Atheism* and *Rebellion*.

This *Daw Divine*, by his Life and Conversation, should seem to be a Scavenger of *Ecclesiastical Scandal* ; but by his new *Form of Prayer*, he has made good his Title to *Atheism* and *Impiety* ; for altho' his Pretence, with *Demetrius*, and his Rabble, is ever so much for the *Temple of Diana*, yet the Actions of his Life and Conversation make it appear, it is the Taint of his Inclination, and the Interest he draws thence, makes him cry out, *Great is Diana of the Ephesians*.

One would think, by the different Muds this *Desk driver* has paddled through, he had a Mind to call in all the *Auxiliary* Readers of the Town, to help him out of this *Squab*, which he
is

is unluckily plung'd into; and that the Reader of *St. Kitts*, joins Issue with him at Six a Clock every Morning, that all the Day after, the *Flat-Caps* in the Market may have a single *Dram* of Consolation, for every double one of *Gin* they guzzle together, till they pack up their *Awls* and begone, as he doth his *Budget* of Scandal, made up of some Combustibles, that may be easily pounded into Treason upon Occasion, which *Wild-fire* he vends about the Country by Piece-meal, as his Congregation do *Apples* and *Nuts*, though no Body thinks his *Skull* worth cracking, because there are nothing but *Worms* in the Shell.

If the *Fellow* has any meaning in him, it certainly is, to blow up our Constitution in *Church* and *State*, for by the many *Squibs* of Defamation he throws about, one would take him for *Engineer* to General *Forster*, having lately taken into his Service, two or three *Bombardeers*, that were discharg'd out of the *Mechanical Academy* of Rebels, that he might the better understand their way of Living, when he shall be so lucky

lucky to have his *Deserts*, till he is exalted upon the *Frog stool*, and grins through the *Mouse-Trap*; or is put upon the Pinnacle, instead of a *Taffey*, to scare the *Rooks* from defiling the Steeple under pretence of Breeding, when all the World knows, they pick away the *Mortar* that cements the Walls.

His *Education* was as remarkable as his *Life*, and his *Weekly Excrements* demonstrate his proficiency, for the Rudiments his Father *Shone ap L...w...s* first caus'd him to be well instructed in, was the *Life of Cadwallader* and all the *British Worthies*, which the Boy had no sooner got by heart, but the *Parson* of the Parish recommended him to the *Versty*, where the Youngster having Traffick'd his Books to buy *News Papers*, soon became as Noted for burning his *Shirt* to make *Tinder*, as for Tearing his *Gown* to mend his *Breeches*; but what Troubled him most, (and indeed it was cause of trouble enough) was; that there was never a common *Rubbing post* to his College, and therefore after mature deliberation, and a great many *Scratches* of his *Noddle* as well as

as Fingers , he Fry'd his *Cap* for want of other Commons to make *Sops*, when he pamper'd his Guts more deliciously, than any of his Forefathers ever did at a Country Wake, till he Ragoo'd his Belly as full with Nastiness, as his Head was with Emptiness; which Inventions soon render'd him as Contemptible, as his Learning was Miserable, and therefore to fullfil his *Grandmothers Prophecy*, *aphazard*, he was fully resolv'd to betake himself for *London*, where he soon became as famous at *Pye Corner* for making Half-penny Ballads, and by the Farthing Contribution of the Singers, was by one and all, chosen their *Chaplain* at *St. Anth — n's*, which Promotion soon elevated his Thoughts into the Prodigy of a *Scourge*; which at first indeed was only conceiv'd as a Dedication to his Patronesses, but by the help of *Chicklane Diet*, soon nurtur'd up for the Consolation of the *Jacks*, after the Defeat at *Preston*.

The *Flat-Caps* listn'd to him as an Oracle, and bawl about his Divinity more than their Goods; nay, and he

has so far bewitch'd their Capacities, that they prefer him to *Haw—ns*, or all the *Stock jobbers* in Divinity about Town, which you may easily conceive must soon elevate a *Smallcoal Man* of his Assurance into a Conceit of his own Performances, till it rais'd his *Hypochondria* into the Religion of the Brain, that his Head swells bigger, than a Bladder with Wind and Vapour.

But alas! he was no sooner stretch'd to such a Height in his own Fancy, that he could scarce look down from Top to Toe, but his Eyes dazzled at the Precipice of his Stature; and as the *Devil* would have it, there fell out, or in, (I cannot tell) another natural Chance, which push'd him Headlong into the Mud; for he being of an amorous Complexion, and finding himself the *Cock-Divine*, or rather the *Cock-Wit* of the Market, took, now and then, the Privilege to walk among the Hens, thinking it was not impolitick to establish his new acquir'd Reputation upon the *Basket-womens* side, who easily perceiving he was a rising Man, and a Person of pleasant Conversation, a *Tory*,
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and an Encourager of Basket-making by the by, were very much taken with his Company, and more especially, because he divided his Day among them, into Canonical Hours of Reading Prayers in the Morning, and diverting them either with Scandal or Romance all the Day after.

The *Basket-women* soon found a strange unquietness, but were not so learn'd to distinguish, whether it were Love or Devotion; neither was he wanting, on his part, to carry on the Intrigue; but it is generally believed, he never violated the Honour of any of those Ladies, having always preserved the Civility of a *Platonick Knight Errant*; for all their Kindness had no other Operation, than to make him still more in Love with himself; and if he frequented their Company, it was only to speculate his own Baby in their Eyes; but being thus without Competitor or Rival, the Darling of both Sexes in the Market, and his own *Minion* to boot, he grew at

B 2 length

length beyond all Measure, elated ; till a *Crack* in his Skull, as in broken *Looking-Glasses*, multiplied him, in self Conceit and Imagination.

Having thus fix'd his *Center*, he thought he could move and govern the whole *World* as he pleases with the same Facility, and nothing would serve him then, but he must be a *Madman* in Print, and write a *Weekly Paper* of *Ecclesiastical Policy*, wherein he distributes all the Territories of *Conscience* into the *Churches* Province, and makes the *Hierarchy* to be but Bishops of the Air ; nay, and talks at such an extravagant Rate in Things of higher Concernment, that a *Reader* of the least Penetration will easily avow, that in all his Performances, he has not had one *lucid* Interval, which, for near a Twelvemonth, he has been so *Busy* about, that by his wanting Sleep, and sitting up late at Nights, with his taking now and then a *Cup of the Creature* to support his Incapacity, he has wholly intoxicated his

his *Brain*, and encreased his *Distemper*. Beside his two *Preston Heroes* (who are also Born under a *Three-penny Planet*) have been no small Addition to his *Phrenzy*, by perpetually spurring him on with Commendation, till he has lost all the little Remains of his Reason, and his *Cerebellum* is so dried up, that there are more *Brains* in a Walnut than in his Skull, and the Shells of them both are Thin and Brittle alike; so that his *Madness* has form'd it self into a perfect *Lycanthropy*.

He doth, at length, so verily believe himself to be a *Wolf*, that his Speech is all turned into *Howling*, *Telling*, and *Barking*; so that if he should meet with any *Sheep* in *Smithfield* as he trudges to *St. Jones's*, its Twenty to One but he would pluck out all their *Throats*, purely for the sake of sucking their *Blood*; however, for want of such *Prey*, at present, he is fell a Roaring against the *Dissenters*, and worrieth the whole Flock
of

of Presbyterians, worse than an *Inquisition* of Jews and Infidels: But how can those in *England*, who are supported only by a Toleration, hope to escape his *Chaps* and *Paws*, better than they who are of the *establisht Church* in *Scotland*, of whom he is so Hungry, that he has scratch'd up even their *dead Bodies* out of their Graves, that he might Prey upon their Principles the easier. And yet this is nothing, if you saw him in the *Height* of his *Fits*, even *National Laws* and *Religion* to him are as nothing, who fancieth he has got *Samson's* Strength, and therefore can break all the *Cords* in the Kingdom; but it is best for him to take Care, lest he should be unluckily shav'd by some *Tory Delilah* of his Acquaintance; and then the most he can do, will be only to pull an *Old House* about his Ears, and though for want of *Brains* he cannot knock them out, yet he may find the *Philistines* are upon him.

One would wonder indeed how this *Puffbin Reader* came to be a *Prolocutor* of the *Church of England*, who talks at that Rate as if he were a *Synodical Individuum*, nay, if he had a Fifth Council in his Belly he could not dictate more *dogmatically*; one while he is a mighty stickler for the *Church*, but I fear it is not that upon which his *Majesty's Government* is settled; another, a *Champion* for the *King*, but it squints towards the *Squire of Alsatia*: However it is a brave thing to be the *Ecclesiastical Draw-Can Sir*, for he can kill with his unerring Pen *Friend* or *Foe*; and what should he expect for his Service, but that the Compliment which passed betwixt *Arminius* and *Baudius* should concenter upon him, That he is both *opprobrium Academiae*, and *Pestis Ecclesiae*.

If we may believe common Fame, this *Malady* happened by his too soon Reading *Don Quixot*, before he had gone through his *Bible*; infomuch that the first Impressions being most strong,
and

and mixing with the last, as more novel, made such a *Medly* in his *Brainpan*, that by the help of the *Playhoujes*, and a little *Conversation* in *Newgate*, he became a *Mad Priest*, which of all the sorts is the most *Incurable*; and from thence it is, that one time we find him instructing of Princes, like *Sancho*, how to Govern his *Island*; at others, bamboozling the *Dissenters*, as Persons unworthy *Protection* under any Government. *Poor Fellow!* Had he no Friend to have given him better Counsel, before his Understanding was quite unsettled? Or, why did he not send for his Rival *Will Ellis*, to persuade him in time, before it was too late, and he is now fit for nothing but *Bedlam*.

All that rationally can be gathered from what he saith or writes is, That the Man is *Mad*, *stark staring mad* with the Spleen of *Phanaticism* in Print. But for once, let us supply his meaning with our *Imagination*; And, Is it not then very strange, that, conceiving him to be the *Champion* of
of

of the *Church* of *England*, he should bid such a general *Defyance* to the *Dissenters*, and rake into old Sores on purpose to make new; Doth he not know; or perhaps I may better say, did he not know, before this *Frenzy* had subverted both his *Understanding* and *Memory*, that the *King* as well as the *Law*, have given them *Protection*; and most of our *Bishops* allow the *Essentials* the same, tho' they differ in the *Mode*? And then how dares this *Doughty* Author spirit up a Mob of *Atheists* and *Free-thinkers*, against a Constitution built upon a *Rock*, that the *Malice* of an *Incendiary*, nor the *Gates* of *Hell* will ever prevail against.

I have heard that *Charms* may even invite the *Moon* out of *Heaven*, but I never cou'd see her mov'd by the *Rhetorick* of *Barking*; and sure it ought to be highly *Penal* for any *Whiffer*, to impose other *Conditions* upon His Majesty's *Subjects* than the *King* expects, or the *Law* requires.

He is certainly the first Minister of the *Gospel*, that ever had it in his Commission, to rail at all Communities, and though it has been often practis'd, I never heard of any great *Success* by reviling Men into Conformity. *St. Paul* to the *Jew* became as a *Jew*, and to the *Gentile* even as such; but the Author of the *Scourge* knows better than He, and sticks fast to a Party, which he is indeed much in the right of, for no body else will own him; nor any be poyson'd with *Nibling* at his Writing, altho' there is *Arsenick* in every Paper, but those who have the *Poyson* of *Asps* under their Tongues, and *Venome* in their Hearts.

The Principle of *Persecution* is fitter for the Hands of *Cyclops*, who forged *Jupiter's* Thunderbolts, than the *Priests* of the Gods, who should always be tender of good Consciences, and of the Honour of Christian Religion; which was not wont to see Ministers, rough and targetted as the
Rhi-

Rhinoceroes, but soft and gentle, Cloathed as the Sheep and Shepherds of Christ.

*Impedit Ira animum nec possit cernere
verum.*

There is not a more portentous sight than to see *Galeatos Clericos*. Christ long ago in the Person of St. Peter, commanded them to put up their *Swords*, nor was he ever heard to repeal that Word; or bid them draw their *Swords*; no not in his Cause (that is meerly for Religion) who hath *Legions* of Angels, *Armies* of Truth, (and if the *Author* of the *Scourge* had but Grace enough to believe) I could add *Graces* of the Spirit to defend him, and his Religion, which ought not to be made a *Snare*, *Harrow*, or heavy *Yoke*, or an *Egyptian Bondage*, to Mens Minds and Consciences; which would be to turn the *sweetest Vine* into a *sharp Bramble*, and the *Fig-tree* into a *Thorn*.

*Unum hoc maceror, & doleo tibi
deesse.*

But to wash my Hands of your Defilements in all your Weekly Excrements, I do not find any thing of Argument that is solid, only you fancy, you have got the Great Secret of the Philosophers Stone, of Railing and calling Names, and bitter, very bitter ones too; which you have so multiplied in Projection, as the Adepts do into Gold, by which you turn every thing you meet with into Railing. And yet the Secret is not so great, nor the Process so long and difficult, if a Man did but get into some of your Acquaintance. Every School you know hath it naturally, and it is but crying *Whore* first, and having the last Word, and then let your Opponent say what he will: Pugh! this is silly, it is a Presbyterian Argument.

Quantum Religio possit suadere Malorum.

I own, in many of your Papers, you have join'd the *Fanaticks* with the *Atheists*; but let any one judge, if you don't at the same time hit your self a Box on the Ear, who have written so *Prophanely*, and so often make *Merry* with the Scripture in the *Front* of your Paper, and then, that you might not be so very much lifted up with the *Offspring* of your Noddle, do but look into the *Arrogance* of your *Stile*, and the *Tautology* of your *Subjects*; or if your *Vanity* will not let you do it your self, recommend it to the *College* of *Readers*, and let that *Unacademical Fraternity* tell me, if your Works deserve any other *Fate* than the *Fire*, and your Body the *Whipping Post*, till you are *Scourg'd* into better Manners.

Is the *Church of England* to be supported by *Prophaneness*, or the *Dissenters* reform'd by *Licentiousness*? Can the *Government* be any thing the better by *Principles* of *Resistance*, or
the

the *King* be safe, by disowning his *Right and Title*? Then this *Push-pin* of *Divinity* has out-done all the *Fathers* of the *Church*, as well in *Reason* as *Learning*, and proved that *duo contraria possunt esse in eodem Subjecto*, but if otherwise, this impertinent *Scribler*, is no more fit for a *Gown* than an *Author*; and although he may ever so much value himself for the *One*, no doubt but the whole *Christian World* will despise him for the *Other*, who has so far out-done a *Modern Journalist*, who for *Blasphemy*, knows very well the *Dimension* of the *Wooden Ruff*, and has undergone himself the *Discipline* of the *Mouse-Trap*, that in his late *Weekly Performance*, he has allotted him the *Bever*, as a just *Reward* of his *Impiety*.

I confess I have no *Disrespect* to your *Person*, which I own is more upright than your *Principles*; nor any *Disregard* to your ———, because your *Handsomness* deserves her *Beauty*; but when a *Tinker* in *Divinity* shall pretend to dictate to his
Supe-

Superiors; or a *Coblar* in Understanding shall assume to read Lectures in *Policy*, I hope you will take this Friendly Admonition, No more to put your *Fingers in the Fire*, lest you lose the *Scourge*, and get a *Stone-Doublet* in its stead.

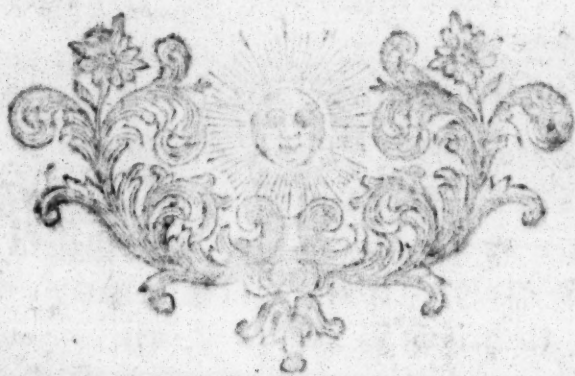
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Supervisors or a Cella in Understand-
 ing shall assume to read Lectures in
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 Friendly Admonition, No more to
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 in its head.



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